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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 286.)

While enjoying the success of his "Grotto of Trofonius," Salieri had another cause of high satisfaction in the reception which the printed score of "*Les Danaïdes*" met with from the musical world, and its renewed success in Paris. C. F. Cramer wrote him, from Kiel, that "he recognized throughout the score the harmonious and feeling composer of the Enchantress Armida, but at the same time one who was able with as rapid as unflinching a flight to rise above his own peculiar style and follow the path of Gluck, as the true and worthy heir of his mantle." Bailli du-Roullet wrote him from Paris, that the *Danaïdes* had again been put upon the stage, was listened to with delight, and applauded to the echo; that the splendid success of its first course was nothing to the present, and one heard but a universal cry of "What a magnificent Opera!" and, at the same time he besought Salieri to inform Gluck that his "*Alceste*" roused a higher enthusiasm with each repetition.

When Salieri returned from his first Parisian visit he brought with him, as we have seen, two texts which the Academy of Music had entrusted to him for composition: "*Tarare*," by Beaumarchais, and "*Les Horaces*" after Corneille, by Guillard. The former, after careful examination, he sent back to its author, with remarks and request for certain changes. Bailli du-Roullet, in a letter to Salieri at this time, says: "Yesterday I called on Beaumarchais; he has received your two letters, is captivated with them, finds them full of sense and genius, and is fully determined to meet your wishes. He told me that these letters had greatly increased the respect which he feels for you, and strengthened the opinion even, which he already held of your genius and merits." Beaumarchais, having revised his text, sent it back, and Salieri devoted to it and "*Les Horaces*" the hours, which his duties as first Chapelmaster of the Italian Opera left him free, as he says, in his own notes:

"*Con grandissimo piacere, perchè il genere raginato (il solo veramente rispettabile) a Parigi viene, generalmente parlando, sempre meglio eseguito e più gustato che altrove.*" ("With the greatest pleasure, because the rational form of music (the only one really respectable), generally speaking, is always better executed and more thoroughly enjoyed in Paris than anywhere else").

Joseph in Vienna enjoyed the light Opera Buffa, and it was cheap. Maria Antoinette enjoyed the grand-spectacle, and her husband spent immense sums upon it. Joseph was economical, Louis profuse. Joseph died amid the universal tears of his people. Louis and his wife lost their heads amidst the universal curses of theirs. At all events that lavishness of expense gave Salieri

the opportunity of exerting his talents and genius in a higher field, than Vienna opened to him since the death of Maria Theresa.

"In the spring of 1786," says Mosel, and no means is at hand for determining the date more exactly (which one would be glad to have precisely fixed, because of its bearing upon the "Mozart and Figaro question" \*), Salieri was invited to bring these two operas as soon as possible to Paris. Obtaining leave of absence from Joseph, he made his preparations for the journey at once. Before his departure he took a tender leave of Gluck, to whom he was mainly indebted for the fame and profit to which he was going; for with all his talents it is very doubtful if, without Gluck's recommendation, he would ever have reached the honors which had already crowned him and were awaiting him in France. Gluck, whose mother tongue was "Czech," or Bohemian, expressed himself with some difficulty in German, and still more so in Italian and French; and this was increased in his last years by the effects of his partial paralytic condition. He was apt to mix the three languages together in his conversation, and his parting words to his favorite protégé ran as follows:

"*Ainsi—mon cher ami—lei parte domani per Parigi—Je vous souhaite—di cuore un bon voyage—Sie gehen in eine Stadt, wo man schätzt—die fremden Künstler—e lei si farà onore—ich zweifle nicht,*" and, embracing him, he added: "*ci scriva, mais bien souvent.*"

(But, my dear friend, you are going away to Paris to-morrow, I wish you—pleasant journey from my heart—you are going to a city where they value—foreign artists—and you will do yourself honor—I have no doubt;" and, embracing him, added: "write to me, and very often.")

Noteworthy is it, adds Mosel, that Salieri has recorded these words,—he who was himself in the habit in conversation of mixing the same three languages in like manner.

The first produced of his two works in Paris was "*Les Horaces*," which was most favorably received by singers and orchestra at the rehearsals, and at the performance was—damned! As the score (according to Mosel, I know nothing about it) shows so many beauties as to place the work among the finest of its class, for melody, novelty of forms, beauty of the accompaniment, and adaptation to the sentiments of the text, the fall of "*Les Horaces et les Curiaces*" must have been owing to extraneous circumstances; and a concatenation of odd and unlucky accidents did actually occur sufficient to produce the effect, with the volatile, jest loving Parisian audience. Salieri was advised to entrust the important part of the high priest to a young man of noble person, and a powerful resonant voice, but who had hitherto only sung minor parts. As a preventive against singing false he was in the habit of practising his parts at home at a pianoforte tuned half a tone above the orchestra.

\* Whether anything on this point is contained in the Grimm correspondence or in that of Beaumarchais, I have not time to go to the Library to examine.

At the rehearsals he had sung exceedingly well; but at the performance, on reaching the recitative, "*Le Senat rassemble sous ces voûtes sacrées*," which closes the first act, notwithstanding the preceding *ritornel* of the orchestra, he struck in half a tone too high, as he had used himself to do at home. The act thus far had been a success, but this musical effect had been too much for the audience, and a burst of laughter greeted the singer from all parts of the house. The poor fellow, lost his self-command, and, though he found his pitch, sang the long scene through with an uncertain voice, the result being that the curtain fell upon a cold audience. The effect upon Salieri, who sat with certain friends in a box, (the composer not being allowed in this theatre to conduct his own work) may be imagined. They hoped, however, that the other two acts would be listened to more attentively, and that the opera might end with the applause with which it had in fact begun. During the progress of the second act the parterre became stiller and more attentive. Salieri was again of good courage. The scene of the finale is the field in which the Horatii and the Curiatii are to meet in mortal combat: and upon their appearance, the people, who knew of the friendly relations between the families, in their surprise at seeing them thus opposed to each other, were to shout, "*Les Horaces! Les Curiaces!*" Salieri had thought it best to have these words delivered without accompaniment and *ad libitum*. But at the moment one of the chorus singers, whether by mistake or for the sake of the joke, who knows? dwelt upon the syllable "Cu" (queue) in such a manner as to raise a laugh, destroy the illusion, and cause the curtain to fall upon an unsympathizing audience.

The third act passed off without gaining upon the feelings of the audience, and the exhibition of the historical fact of the murder of his sister by the only survivor of the three Horaces, brought out strong marks of disapproval.

Of course all was corrected for the next performance—the high priest sang in tune, the chorist shortened his "Cu," and the sister committed suicide,—but the opera was discredited, and after three or four performances was withdrawn.

"The result of a theatrical performance," says Salieri, commenting upon his ill success in this case, "notwithstanding all the merit a work may possess, is never to be known beforehand; but, still, it cannot be a matter of indifference to an author, unless he be a presumptuous fool."

Besides the misfortunes, which had attended the first performance of this work, various imperfections in the text had doubtless their effect upon its success; to Salieri and his music it would be unjust to attribute its failure.

Salieri was soon comforted for this piece of ill fortune; and he soon forgot it, except when the *Curiaces* came to mind as a curious and laughable jest played by chance at his expense. He was more than comforted, he was triumphant, for Beaumarchais' "*Tarare*," with his music, was

an almost unexampled success. I have not been able, out of the authorities at hand, to fix the date of the unsuccessful work; but "*Tarare*" was given," says Mosel, "soon after its fall," and the first production of this was on June 8, 1787. This is Poissot's date, as well as that given in Beaumarchais' works. Mosel gives June 7.

That the two works were given with but a very short interval between, is the idea conveyed by Mosel here, but can hardly be reconciled to what has previously been said of the composer's departure from Vienna in the spring of the preceding year. It is a point of little importance except in its bearing upon the discussion of the relations between Salieri and Mozart previously given. Gerber dates "*Les Horaces et les Curiaces*," 1786. Poissot does not mention it; but his work is only a sketch of Parisian musical history, and his list of operas contains only the successful ones. In this list he gives the following dates of works performed at this time in the Grand Opera:—

1786. August 29. *La Toison d'or*, text, Desrioux; music, Vogel.

1787. February 1. *Oedipe à Colone*, text, Guillard; music, Sacchini.

1787. June 8. *Tarare*, text, Beaumarchais; music, Salieri.

There seems to be no room for doubt that Mosel's "soon after" must be taken *cum grano*, and that "*Les Horaces*" was produced in the autumn of 1786; else where could the performers have found time for its study and rehearsal? Or may it possibly have even preceded the "*Toison d'or*?"

"An analysis of the beauties of *Tarare*," says Mosel, "would fill a book; in general it must be said that the judgment, genius, fire, the never-failing support of the action through the music, the interludes so perfectly depicting every various sentiment of the recitatives, the perfect characterization of the persons of the drama, the truth of expression in all the vocal music, and the joining all these parts into one perfect whole, raises this opera to an enduring model of its class." "Should it strike any one as strange, that in the French opera the number of cavatinas is so large, while that of the airs is so small, let him understand," continues Mosel, "that the French (at least on the grand stage of their National Opera) demand, not a 'concert of which the drama is a pretext,' as the Abbé Amand so happily says, but a musical drama; hence no more music than serves to increase the beauty of the poem, enhance the effect of the acting, and strengthen the impression of the whole; grand airs are permitted only where their introduction will not retard the rapid progress of the action, nor jar with the feeling of the moment, but rather intensify it. Hence they require no vocal virtuosos for the performance of these works, but actors skilled in declamatory song; and mark the difference between the French and Italian opera singers by calling the former *Acteurs chantants*, the latter *Chanteurs*."

It must not be forgotten that Mosel wrote forty years ago, and that his remarks would hardly apply to the Grand Opera of Paris since that period.

At the close of the triumphant first performance of *Tarare*, both poet and composer were called for by the audience. Beaumarchais excused himself on the ground that he was but a dilettant in poetry; but two of the leading sing-

ers led Salieri forward to receive the most gratifying proofs of the general satisfaction.

This splendid result determined the directors to revive "*Les Horaces*," it being the opinion of the best judges that its fall was owing to non-essential and accidental circumstances, which might easily be avoided; and Guillard and Salieri discussed and fixed upon the necessary alterations to be made in the text. But the political state of Paris, as the composer learned it in the coffee-houses and wherever he had opportunity to learn the condition of public opinion, rendered him anxious to be again in the peaceful circle at home; and this desire was stronger than his craving for fame and profit, which a successful reproduction of the unlucky work would certainly have brought him.

He took leave of Paris, therefore, promising the Directors to compose at home and forward to them the new music made necessary by the alterations decided upon. But the Revolution broke out, and this plan broke down. So there was an end to "*Les Horaces*."

Shortly before leaving Paris, Salieri went out one afternoon from his lodgings in Beaumarchais' house to make some calls, intending to spend the evening in a private concert. The latter being put off, instead of accepting the invitation of a friend to pass the evening with him in some other place, an inexplicable feeling led him to return to his lodgings, where he found his servant on the floor at the point of death, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. The man's life was thus by merest accident saved. Had not the gentleman who was to have given the concert been taken ill, Henry would have died.

The Duke of Aremberg invited Salieri to visit him at Brussels; whether this invitation was accepted Mosel cannot determine; but that he left Paris before the middle of September is clear from his having received a letter from Beaumarchais, dated the 18th of that month; and other circumstances seem to prove that he was back in Vienna as early as July.

His first work there was the composition of "*Le jugement dernier*," a cantata, text by Chevalier Roger, for the Société d'Apollon at Paris, which had applied to him for something expressly composed for its concerts. Count d'Ogny—probably the president of the Society—to whom Salieri dedicated the work, caused the story to be circulated before the performance, that it was a joint production of Gluck and Salieri. The object was to stop the mouth of certain critics, who swore by Gluck, and who thus were led to declare sublime, much that they otherwise would have found at the best mediocre. After a distinguished success had crowned the work, the Count published the following "correction" in the Parisian journals:

"A public statement, based upon erroneous information, has been made that the music of the Cantata, *Le jugement dernier*, is by Gluck and Salieri. It is by Salieri alone. It is no more than just to secure to this skillful composer the fame and merit of having created a work, so beautiful and so judiciously conceived in all its parts. In the subject of this Cantata great difficulties had to be overcome; the greatest was, doubtless, that of introducing the Divine Lawgiver as actually speaking. M. Salieri, however, solved this problem to the extraordinary satisfaction of every auditor. The moment, in which

the presence of God in all his majesty was announced, excited a feeling of awe; the music of the righteous and of the damned produced the highest effect; in a word, this work, as original as it is splendid, raises the fame of Salieri to a still higher degree." Then follow praises of Riget, the conductor, of the vocalists and the orchestra.

De Gouve, whether with more politeness or truth, who can now decide? wrote from Paris that this Cantata, in spite of the Italians, who decried it, "had turned the heads of all the world;" that Riget, who conducted, had been so excited by it as to become ill; and that Gossec could not get over his astonishment at the successful manner in which Salieri had made the Saviour speak!

Count d'Ogny wrote in a similar strain and accompanied his warmest thanks with the information, that the Cantata had been twice given in the Concert Olympique and twice in the Concert Spirituelle, each time with the same splendid result; and that he had intended to send him a golden snuff-box, but owing to the trouble of forwarding such presents into foreign lands, he was now on the point of sending him, instead, 600 francs.

Roger, author of the text, wrote him in relation to the production of the work in the Concert Spirituel:

"A subject so imposing as that of the Last Judgment, and a fame like that of the composer of *Tarare* and the *Danaiques*, awakened in the mind of the public the idea of something astounding and beyond the reach, so to speak, of art. Where the expectations are raised so high it is seldom that the greatest work can satisfy them; nor did you receive the full meed of that applause which you merited. The work was listened to with the closest attention. The introduction, which seemed to me in the Concert Olympique rather tame, left on this occasion nothing to be desired, as the effect was heightened by a moderate use of the great drum. The choruses are finely grouped together, and reflect the sense of the words perfectly. I had intended an occasional interruption of them by short recitatives, but now feel that these recitatives gain breadth and effect by being chorally treated. Your accompaniment to the strophe '*Prends pitié de notre misère*' is something entirely new. As I wrote I supposed I was giving you a subject similar to that of '*Avec tes decrets*,' etc., in *Tarare*. You have shown me, however, that to genius new founts are ever opening and that it never repeats itself. The chorus '*Reuil funeste*' seems to me to be of perfect beauty. The passage '*O montagnes, écrasez-nous*,' during which thunder announces the coming of the Saviour, produced a great effect, an effect truly appalling. You have given the sentences of the Supreme Judge with an indescribably enchanting effect, one which is felt equally by the skilled and the unskilled in music. The first question of Gossec, when he heard that the '*Last Judgment*' was to be performed, was: '*Is Christ introduced as speaking?*' Yes. 'Then,' replied he, 'it is impossible that the work can succeed. I have refused to compose that subject, because I felt the impossibility of giving the Son of God any adequate language.' Since hearing your work, Gossec's opinion has changed completely, and what before seemed to him an unavoidable rock of offence, has become the princi-



pal subject of his admiration in your work. I come now to the double chorus, which closes the Cantata. It is beyond my comprehension, why it is less prominent than it should be; the contrast is well managed, the different emotions correctly expressed: perhaps the continuous effect of the two preceding numbers weakens that of this, which in fact leaves the auditor too cold at the point where he should be excited with delight by the song of the blessed, and awe at that of the damned. A musician, of well-known talents, was of opinion that the choruses are too soon interwoven in one; he would have preferred to hear the contrasting themes first given separately. You better than any one else can judge of the value of this remark. I must here also confess something to you which is too generally felt to be passed over in silence. The signal at which all created beings start again into life seemed by no means imposing enough; it is not in sufficient contrast to the general tone of the rest of the composition. Be it that the orchestra too soon covers the trumpet blasts with its accords, or that the related key of D minor follows that of F too naturally, instead of this passage having a bold, unexpected modulation, as if independent of all rules, the only surprise in it was to hear the words sung, "*Quel signal effrayant!*" ("What a frightful signal!"), when in fact no one was at all frightened. This, sir, is the only fault in your Oratorio, which, except in this, I hold to be a master-piece; a fault, which would at once have been mended, had you been present at the performance."

Mosel adds: "Although the too sharply expressed criticism upon the finale of this Cantata is not entirely without foundation, still, as a whole, it belongs to the very best works of Salieri, and would never fail of producing its intended effect, when performed in the true spirit of the composition. To give a greater chance of usefulness, before the close of the composer's life, the text was carefully translated into German, and Salieri himself adapted it to the music."

I find no record of its performance since.

While engaged in the composition of this work, to be precise, on the 11th November, 1787, Salieri called one day upon Gluck, to discuss with him the question how he should introduce Christ as speaking. He asked the old master, if he could approve his plan of writing the part in high tenor, on the ground that the work was for Paris, where that voice, with the clef and under the name of contralto, was in common use, while it, moreover, was more penetrating than any other. Gluck justified his intention, and added, half in jest and half in earnest: "I shall in a short time be able to inform you with certainty from the other world in what clef the Saviour speaks." On the 15th, four days afterward, another attack of apoplexy closed Gluck's life.

The distress of Salieri at the loss of Gluck was to some extent assuaged by the reports of his own increasing fame which reached him from Paris.

Blumendorf, a member of the Austrian Legation in that city, wrote him, December 1787, that *Tarare* had already been given twenty-four times with the same applause, and would be kept on the stage until Easter.

Rauquit-Lieutard informed him that fans and snuff-boxes "*a la Tarare*" were for sale in the shops, and that 4,500 livres, his share in the profits of the opera, were already on deposit for him.

(To be Continued.)

### The Forty-First Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.\*

On the 15th, 16th, and 17th of May, the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of Whitsun week, we celebrated, favored by the most magnificent weather, the forty-first Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, in the New Cursaal, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the gardens belonging to it, gardens admirably adapted for social gatherings. Aix-la-Chapelle, within whose walls the Festival was held for the twelfth time, always enjoyed a very excellent reputation in musical matters, but it has now placed these on a better footing than ever; for instance, thanks to the energy of the musical director, Herr Franz Wüllner, it has always had, during the winter, a series of concerts, among the best in the Rhenish provinces. It thus possesses in the Town-Orchestra, and the various Associations for mixed and male chorus singing, an excellent stock of materials as a foundation for the Festivals of the Lower Rhine.

Strengthened by the addition of singers, male and female, from the neighboring towns, and of first-rate instrumentalists, the chorus numbered, on this occasion, 122 sopranos; 96 contraltos (of which 13 were boys' voices); 98 tenors, and 135 basses, making a total of 292 voices. The orchestra consisted of 52 violins; 18 tenors; 17 violoncello's; 12 double-basses; 29 wind instruments; 1 kettle drummer, and 1 organist—making in all 130 performers. If to these numbers we add the six soloists, and the two conductors, there were 589 persons engaged in the proceedings. The vocal solos were entrusted to Mad. Louise Dastmann, from Vienna (first soprano); Mdlle. Philippine von Edelsberg, from Munich (second soprano); Mdlle. Francisca Schreck, from Bonn (contralto); Dr. Gunz, from Hanover (tenor); and Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine (bass). Herr Joseph Jochim, from Hanover, greatly increased the attractions of the third evening's amusements by his solo performances on the violin. The conductors were Herr Julius Rietz, Royal Capellmeister, from Dresden, and Herr Franz Wüllner, Musik-Director of the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. The organ—from the manufactory of Ibach Brothers, Barmen—was played by Herr Ferdinand Breuning, of Cologne. There were some most distinguished musicians in the orchestra.

On the first day, Herr Franz Lachner's *Suite*, No. 2, for orchestra, and Handel's oratorio of *Belshazzar* were performed.

The above symphonetic work by F. Lachner consists of five movements; a kind of prelude in slow time, with an appended fugue, an Andante, Menuetto, Intermezzo, and Gigue.

When the old forms of instrumental music are filled with such pithy matter, so rich in fancy, as Lachner has written for his first *Suite* in D, and for this second one in E minor, we have no objection to their revival, which is, under the circumstances, a genuine instance of revivification. This cannot be asserted of every re-introduction of old art forms.—The *Suite* offers one advantage to the composer: there are many forms of modern music, in its present more advanced state, which the *Suite* does not exclude from its separate movements. This, for instance, is true of the Adagio, Menuetto, Scherzo, and Variations. The composer may likewise allow himself great freedom in their arrangement, for the *Suite* requires only a series of pieces connected in an agreeably varied manner, while the Sonata-form of the Symphony is more exacting in its demands for the connection and uniform character of a work as a whole. The *Suite*, which was developed in the 17th century, originally consisted of nothing more than a series of characteristic dances, differing in rhythm and time, and written in one and the same key. Between these dances, an air (aria or romance, as Andante) might be interpolated, and a prelude—a fantasia or kind of overture—might precede them. The *Suite* may have exercised some influence upon the conformation of the Symphony. At any rate, there is a probability that it was the *Suite* which suggested to Joseph Haydn, the creator of the Symphony, the introduction of the Menuetto into the latter, while he developed the rest of the form out of the *Sinfonia* which the Italians used to place before their Operas. Dilettanti may make themselves acquainted with the form of the *Suite* from the *Suiten für Clavier*, by Johann Sebastian and Em. Bach, of which there are several editions now accessible to them.

In the form of the *Suite*, as expanded by him in conformity with the present state of music, Franz Lachner has, it appears to us, found his peculiar vocation as an instrumental composer. Not only do we place his two works of this kind unconditionally higher than his Symphonies, but we consider them

\* From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*; as translated in the *London Musical World*.

much more important, and possessed of far greater vitality than many orchestral works of modern composers. While, in the first and last movement of No. 2., he once more displays, in the most brilliant fashion, his great contrapuntal skill; in the Andante he develops a beautifully melodious song: in the trio of the Menuetto, a new and wonderfully fine effect with the shakes on the violins, and, in the Intermezzo, a pleasingly humorous charm; in short, the *Suite* fixes the attention of the audience from beginning to end. It was most admirably executed, and received with rapturous applause after each movement. . . .

The performance of Handel's *Belshazzar* at Aix-la-Chapelle will most certainly mark an epoch in the history of the adoption of Handel's music in Germany, for it brought out, in a most surprising manner, the beauties of the work, while, by enthusiastic outbursts of unanimous applause, the whole audience surrounded it with a halo of glory which will not soon grow dim. The Committee deserve the warmest thanks of all Handel's admirers, for having selected this oratorio for the Festival, and for having it performed according to the original score, to which Herr F. Wüllner added a supplementary organ part, filled up with artistic skill.

We must, therefore, attribute the success of the performance at Aix-la-Chapelle only partially to the restoration of the original score, and consider it due principally to the effect of the genuine Handelian inward power, and to the beauty of the musical composition, which was, perhaps, on this occasion, first esteemed at its real value by the public in Germany.

The subject of the oratorio is the destruction of the Babylonian empire and its last sovereign, Belshazzar, through the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus and the Persians. Very skilfully interwoven with the story is the account of the mysterious writing on the wall of the luxurious king's banqueting-hall, together with the interpretation of that writing by the Prophet Daniel, and the delivery of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. Besides Belshazzar (tenor) and Cyrus (contralto), we have in the drama Gobrias (bass), whose son the king has killed, and who has fled to Cyrus, in the Persian camp; the Prophet Daniel (contralto); and Nitocris (soprano), Belshazzar's mother. The choruses are sung by Persians, Babylonians and Israelites.

Handel composed this oratorio in London, after the summer season of 1744, during which he had given twelve concerts and produced *Semele* and *Joseph* for the first time. He then undertook to give a course of sixteen winter concerts; he had intended to give four and twenty, but, from want of sufficient attendance, was unable to carry out his purpose, because, as Schuelcher informs us, "the ladies of the aristocracy were against him," and "injured him by balls and tea parties which they gave on the days of the concerts." During these sixteen concerts *Belshazzar* was first executed on the 27th March, 1745, and twice repeated; at the other concerts, Handel gave *Deborah*, *Semele*, *Hercules*, *Samson*, *Joseph* and *The Messiah* twice each, and *Saul* once. The composition of the work dates, consequently, from the master's best oratorio period.

Here, as in every other instance, it is the strongly-marked character and grandeur of the choruses which touch and carry us away more than aught else. They are so popularly intelligible that none of them fail to produce an instantaneous and deep impression, even the fugues which conclude two of them (we would refer the reader only to the chromatically descending theme of the fugue of the final chorus in Part I: "Whichever way he turns, on his devoted head swift falls the thunderbolt"), with all the originality and power of their motives, being so clear as immediately to produce a striking effect. Other numbers, less polyphonic, inspire us partly by their freshness and unusual coloring, as is the case with the festive choruses of the Babylonians, including more particularly the madly boisterous hymn of the revellers to the god Sesach, partly by their religious fervor and intensity of feeling, as is the case with the chorus of the Israelites: "*Zurück, O Fürst, nimm dies Gebet!*" and then, again, by a wonderful and magnificent fullness of tone, as in the final chorus of the Second Part. . . .

As already remarked, Herr Wüllner's task of instrumental arrangement was confined chiefly to the organ part, though, in many of the choruses, clarinets, bassoons, and, where Handel had joined trumpets to them, horns were added. Moreover, Belshazzar's three airs, and the wild drinking Sesach chorus of the Babylonians, were newly and fully scored, the organ being, properly, as we think, left out. According to the feelings of the present day, we cannot consider the organ appropriate to the purport of such words. In the final chorus, too, from the "Anthem," the organ was strengthened by the full band, with trumpets and kettle-drums, as Handel originally added only two violins and an oboe.

That this arrangement must have produced a far different, and far more imposing effect than the mutilated version of Mosel will be at once evident to every one.

All the choruses were sung with precision, vigor, and spirit, while the introduction of the organ frequently produced that wonderfully dashing combined tone, in which it is scarcely possible to distinguish the chorus, orchestra, or organ, because they are all blended with each other. Every chorus, without exception, evoked loud applause. The more brilliant ones calling forth a perfect storm of it, certainly an indisputable proof of the impression produced upon the mass of the hearers. Among the musicians present there was only one opinion as to the value of the oratorio, with which most of them were previously unacquainted.

There are, also, many admirable pieces among the vocal solo parts. The contralto part of Cyrus is that most richly endowed; the account of the dream, and the two airs are fine, and were given by Mlle. von Edelsberg in a magnificent mezzo-soprano. Full of genius and most admirable is the treatment of the scene where Daniel reads and explains the mysterious writing, especially when rendered so movingly as Mlle. Shreck rendered it; the same is true of her air: "O heil'ger Warheit Quell' und Grund!" In the brightest contrast to these are Belshazzar's recitative and airs, sung by Herr Gunz with great finish of execution, and dashing exuberance, while Herr Hill's sonorous bass voice and fine style did full justice to the two airs of Gobrias, and the recitative of the Messenger, who, in the Third Part, brings the Queen the news of the taking of the city. The soprano part (the Queen) is not so brilliant as similar parts in other oratorios by Handel; the best number in it is the grand recitative and the following air in E minor, which begins the work. It was, however, omitted by Mosel, as well as by Gervinus in his translation of the text, but restored by Herr Wüllner for this performance. Madz Dustmann sang it very beautifully, but, despite her great talent and splendid organ, was unable to make very much of the part as a whole, for it is one of the weakest in the work. Seconded by Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber, she brilliantly compensated herself for this, however, on the second and third day.

(To be concluded.)

### Meyerbeer.

(Extracts from "Spridon's" letters to the Evening Gazette.)

#### THE "ACCURSED DESIRE OF SUCCESS."

I do not know whether I succeeded in exhibiting clearly before Meyerbeer's ardent ambition to attain great musical fame. He thought of nothing else. He lived for nothing else. Although he was the master of an estate which yielded \$120,000 annual income, he lived like a man who was dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread. He had the paternal mansion at Berlin, but the honors were paid by his wife and daughters. He lived in a little chamber in the garret with no furniture but a piano, scores, a table, an inkstand and music paper. He studied music to the very last day of his life, that he might wrest even from the most unsuccessful work a light to warm him from shoals, if no flower, whose color and perfume might increase the charms of his next work. He went to hear Mons. Berlioz's *Les Troyens* night after night for five nights, to discover some beauties or to learn some new method of commanding instruments or massing voices. He studied Mlle. Adelina Patti attentively; he said: "I shall have something for her one of these days." When he obtained a new idea (and the opera must be wretched indeed which does not suggest some thought to a man of reflection) he would return home and labor on it till he had polished it into a sterling coin. "Meyerbeer daily mires himself more, unfortunately, in his wretched routine. What a magnificent flower he has withered! What did we not hope of him! O accursed desire of success! I am now studying his opera *Margherita d'Anjou*. He writes the third opera of the Carnival of Venice, and promises to come to Berlin in April. I don't believe him. He is ashamed of himself in our company." I quote this letter of Carl Von Weber for the phrase which I have italicized. It exhibits the fever which heated Meyerbeer's blood all his life. To command success he lived aloof from his family (although he tenderly loved them,) he deserted his comfortable mansion for the hardships of life in furnished lodgings; he knew no recreation but labor. Do not construe these words into reproaches. I applaud him for his constancy to ambition and to that "longing after immortality" which is quite unknown in these days when nobody has longing for anything but the treasures of gold and silver. I honor him for his disregard of comfort, which would prompt him to travel from one end of

Europe to the other to hear a new opera or a new singer.

#### OTHER INFIRMITIES.

Meyerbeer was excessively sensitive about his age. He would resent any hint that he was among the old men of Europe, as a gentleman would resent an imputation on his honor. This was no new weakness. He seems to have felt ashamed that, while Anber had written his sparkling works before a beard was on his chin, and Rossini had won immortality ere he reached manhood, and Bellini had died not yet thirty, Germany's great composer should be forty-one years old before the world acknowledged him a *maestro*. Numerous have been the biographies of Meyerbeer which have appeared; some of them were written under his very eye, upon notes furnished by himself, and were corrected by him,—all these biographies assert that he was born in 1794. When he died it became necessary to look into his papers; among them his certificate of birth was found, which showed him to have been born in 1790. Four years is a sensible slice of life.

Another weakness of Meyerbeer was that he could not bear the sight of a musk-melon; he fainted when one came near him. Scribe ordered an artist to decorate his dining-room; the unlucky painter placed a musk-melon among the fruit which adorned the room. Scribe was out of town; upon his return he discovered the melon and ordered its immediate removal, solely because he never could get Meyerbeer to dine with him if that fruit was visible.

Meyerbeer had more decorations of orders of nobility than any man, not of royal blood, living. He had at least thirty. Mons. Alex. Dumas is said to have been rather jealous of him, because he, the former, had only nine, and on one occasion he exclaimed when he saw Meyerbeer enter a drawing-room: "Ah! there comes the Maestro with his cavalry."

Mons. Offenbach tells this anecdote of Meyerbeer and his decorations:—"I never saw Meyerbeer covered with all his decorations except on one occasion. It was at Berlin. The Queen of Prussia having desired that I should be presented to her, Meyerbeer was good enough to carry me to Court. When he called for me, he was so dazzling that I pretended for some minutes not to see him, concealed as he was under a profusion of *grands, cordons, crachats and colliers*. One of Meyerbeer's friends, perhaps one of his family (for they are very ambitious people), prompted him, about the time the King of Prussia conferred letters patent of nobility upon Alex. von Humboldt, to sue for the same honor. Meyerbeer at once consented, but the King declined granting the prayer as something out of his power, the Prussian law formally interdicting nobility to Jews.

#### HOW HE BOUGHT UP THE PARISIAN CRITICS.

One of the most striking—let me say most painful—instances of Meyerbeer's morbid sensibility to criticism is to be found in his bearing to the musical critics of the Paris newspapers. It ought to humiliate them to the earth; but this relation is so common here, I do not believe that anybody among the Paris press writers consider it objectionable. Before Meyerbeer brings out a new opera or revives an opera which has been for some months off the play-bills, he invites the leading musical critics to dine with him at the *Trois Frères*, where he gives them the most sumptuous entertainment the head cook can imagine. How can a fellow of decent feeling write harshly of a man who has been pouring the choicest vintages of France and the most delicate titbits of sea, air, forest, orchard and garden down one's throat? Try it. You will find the thing impossible. Parker and his brethren are your only real peace-makers! This custom is deplorable, for it sensibly militates against the independence and truth of the Press. But this was not the worst act of Meyerbeer. *There were few musical critics in Paris, who were not in receipt of annual pensions from Meyerbeer.* These pensions were no trifling gratuities, but solid pensions of several hundred dollars, and in one or two instances they exceeded a thousand dollars annually. There were critics here who had been in receipt of large pensions from him since 1831. Meyerbeer did not content himself with paying them pensions and good dinners, he also made it a point of duty to give them costly presents on their name-days and on New Year's Day. Meyerbeer used to defend this custom, by saying that he did not lay these gentlemen under obligations, he was the person obliged, and he could not see any objections to his giving evidence of his gratitude to them for the substantial service they had rendered him. The habit was unpardonable, and was solely due to what Carl Von Weber called the "accursed desire of success." Meyerbeer was guilty, too, of carrying politeness to obsequiousness. However, this was absolutely necessary in this city. What a task could be written on the meanness of life in Paris! The

theme, perhaps, is too delicate to be handled. Meyerbeer knew them all, and he stood in fear even of an empty ink-horn.

#### HIS DAILY ROUTINE IN PARIS.

Meyerbeer lived and died in furnished lodgings at No. 2 Rue Montaigne. He rose at five or six o'clock, labored until half-past nine, when he would go to breakfast. He would return at half-past ten and work until two, when he would take a hack and drive to the Boulevard des Italiens, which he would leisurely walk down until he reached the Rue Richelieu, down which he would turn and go to Brandus's music shop, which is two or three doors from the Boulevard. Here he would go into the back room, where there was a sofa, on which he would stretch him and sleep until half-past three. Brandus's servant had positive orders to wake him at half-past three. Then Meyerbeer would receive people. He received everybody who wanted to see him on business at Brandus's after half-past three. He never received anybody at his house. This indeed is the rule here. People who are obliged to receive persons have an appointed reception evening once a week or twice a month; the labors of the day are over, and as the infliction comes only once a week, an ordinary dose of resignation will enable most men to bear it quite patiently. Those who escape this periodical pillory reckon upon official receptions for meeting their acquaintances, and as these are held three or four times a week, there is no necessity for supplementing them with visits. Indeed there is no such thing as visiting in Paris among the people who work. They meet at dinners and at receptions, and in this way manage to save a great deal of time. If you are an eminent surgeon, with letters of introduction to some surgeon here, he receives you at his hospital and does you the honors of his amphitheatre. If you are an eminent literary man, with letters to some person of distinction in the same station of life, he will send you his card by a servant and get somebody to invite you to a reception. If you are a painter, you will be invited to the Paris painter's studio, where you will find the artist surrounded by his pictures and his friends and generally a half dozen ladies. People here never receive *chez eux*, (I can't apply home to these French abodes); few of them invite strangers to dinner. They assemble on petty Rialtos just as trades-people were wont to do at Venice. At five or six o'clock he would dine at his restaurant or dine out, and after he put on evening dress he was a man of the world, ready to chat with anybody, not averse from figuring at any reception, and prone to spend the evening at the Grand Opera (his favorite place was a black hole above the chandelier! he always said this was the very best place in the house to hear music. Poor old William Rufus Blake's favorite story of his trip to Paris was his night at the opera, when the house was so full, there was not room left anywhere but—poor old Blake how horrified he used to look when he got to this "but I"), or the Italian Opera or the Theatre Lyrique. He rarely went to the Opera Comique; he liked port wine, not claret.

#### HIS DELICATE REGARD FOR POORER ARTISTS.

Mons. Meyerbeer was upon one occasion rather upbraided for the simplicity of his life here. He replied: "I am less a rich man than an artist, and it is one of my satisfactions to be able to say that I might have supported myself by my music from the time I was seven years old. I have at Berlin an establishment suited with my circumstances of fortune. I am averse from throwing my brethren of Paris into the shade by living like a rich amateur of music. I ask no premium for my works, and if I receive the author's copyright accorded by law, I do so to avoid the reproach of working underprice out of disdain for profits flowing from the stage."

## Music Abroad.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Meyerbeer operas occupied the middle of May, and then Gounod's *Faust* came up again, with Mario as Faust, and a new Gretchen, Mlle. Pauline Luca, from Berlin, Mme. Nantier-Didiée as Siebel, M. Faure as Mephistopheles, and Graziani as Valentine. Quite a French cast of *Faust*! Of the new Gretchen the *Times* says:—

At Berlin it is notorious that Mlle. Pauline Luca's "Gretchen" is prized the most; which considering that, with one exception among those we have seen, it bears the faintest resemblance to the idea that unanimously obtains of Goethe's fascinating heroine, would seem to warrant investigation. But



to fathom the German mind requires an unrestricted extent of line. The mere fact of the popularity of M. Gounod's work, so subversive in many respects of the real intentions of the great poetical epic of Germany is sufficiently unaccountable. Let us not, therefore, feel surprised that the frantic worship of the French *Faust* which prevails in the capital of the Hohenzollern should be accompanied by an equally frantic worship of the most French of possible Margarets. That Mlle. Lucca's impersonation of Margaret is thoroughly French must be clear to every observer familiar with the histrionic characteristics of our pleasant and nearest neighbors. It is not merely that she discards the physical head-dress which traditionally points to Margaret as a flax-haired beauty; she discards alike what may be termed the moral head-dress, and bears the front of Margaret erect and fearless, instead of down-cast and timid as we have been wont to recognize it. Her boldness, the result no doubt of intimate conviction, has been the secret of her triumph; and certainly her general delineation of the character is piquant and attractive no less than original. We are aware that, as the late illustrious Meyerbeer, with the Prussian connoisseurs in a body, preferred the impetuous Margaret of Mlle. Lucca, so M. Gounod, composer of the opera of *Faust*, preferred the sonnambulist Margaret of Madame Carvalho, which is no more like the true German ideal than the other; while the "juste milieu," to employ an admissible commonplace, is among ourselves allowed to have been realized by Mlle. Tietjens, who avoids both the morbid French sentiment of the latter and the extreme French sprightliness (uncommon in a German (*pur sang*) of the former. With regard to Mlle. Lucca's performance generally we must at present be content to say, that it is adorned with beauties as it is spotted by defects, the latter in a great measure traceable to the inconvenience of singing a trying and difficult part in a language to which she is comparatively a stranger, and partly to a very natural anxiety about the issue of so arduous an undertaking.

Another performance of *William Tell*, with Herr Schmidt as Walter; another resumption of *Les Huguenots*, Mlle. Fricci taking the place of Lucca indisposed; another charming sonnambulation of "Amina" Patti; and a repetition of Lucca's *Margaret*,—filled a week; and the month of May closed with "the immortal Barber," (Patti, Mario, Ronconi, and a new Bartolo, Signor Scalse, much admired, followed by a *divertissement* called *L'Île Enchantée*, to which pretty music had been written by young Arthur Sullivan, the Leipzig graduate, whose music to the "Tempest" excited so much interest; Salvioni was the *danseuse*.

Of course *Don Giovanni* had to take its turn; no London season is complete without it. Donna Anna, Mlle. Fricci; Zerlina, Patti; Elvira, Mlle. Rudersdorff; Don Juan, Faure; Leporello, Scalse; Masetto, Ronconi; Commendatore, Herr Schmidt. A novelty of the season was Flotow's *Stradella* (which had, however, been produced at Drury Lane in 1846, in English). This time, in Italian, it does not seem to have made a great impression. The *Times* thinks it inferior, musically, to *Martha*, "better suited to the atmosphere of the Bouffes Parisiens than to that of the Royal Italian Opera," and never except in one passage, rising above the level of "the suburban." It was the German tenor Wachtel's last appearance. Mlle. Battu was the Leonora; and the two tenors were "wonderfully well" represented by Ciampi and Ronconi.

The sudden return of Mlle. Lucca to the Continent, on account of her health, obliged manager to, still playing on the popular *Faust* string, to bring forward a new Margaret in the person of "little Patti." The *Times*, the *Star*, and all the journals, exhaust the superlatives of admiration, all shouting: "We have found the ideal Gretchen of Goethe at last!" But they have not exhausted all the Gretchen's quite; we have a couple over here, Kellogg and Frederici, yet in reserve for Mr. Ball; but he must first behave more decently and cease making friends with pirates!

On Saturday, June 11, Rossini's *Otello* was revived, with Tamberlik as the Moor, a rôle always identified with him in London Opera. Graziani played Iago, and Mlle. Lagrue, Desdemona. Tamberlik revived the old *furor* by his "C sharp" in the duet with

Iago. *Faust*, *Otello*, *Un Ballo*, in *Maschera*, and *Don Giovanni*, took their turns again, and then came the agreeable surprise of Mlle. Desirée Artot in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, to make up for the disappearance of Lucca. She is a great *bravura* singer. Musically her Maria (says the *Times*) is "remarkable for dash and brilliancy—though in the expressive parts, such as the leave-taking of the regiment, she rather inclines to the over-elaborately pathetic."—Another round of *Faust* ("Oh that Gretchen!" "Oh that Adelina!" "Oh that Mario!"), and *La Figlia* and *Il Barbiere* and *Don Giovanni* (Didié replacing overworked Patti in the last two), brings us through June at Covent Garden.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The events of the last week of May were the *entrée* of Mme. Trebelli, and Signor Gardoni, the appearance of Signor Frizzi, and the performance of *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere* and the *Huguenots*. In the last, Tietjens was Valentine; Trebelli, Urban; Mlle. Liebhadt, Margaret; Juncu, Marcel; Giuglini, Raoul; Santley, Nevers. The rich voice and fluent execution of Trebelli were heard again with delight in *Una voce* and the rest of the sparkling music of Rossini. June opened with *Faust* (Tietjens Margaret), *Falstaff*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *Huguenots*, and nothing new. The programme of the next week only varied the order of the first; and then came something new (to the Londoners), and again it came from Germany,—whence the Italian Opera seems to draw most of its principal singers of late—in the person of one of the favorite *prime donne* of the Royal Opera of Berlin, Mme. Harriers-Wippert, who made her debut in the part of Alice in *Robert-le-Diable*. Did we not ourselves hear her repeatedly in Berlin, a few years since, not only in Opera, but in the beautiful part of Schumann's "Peri," and can we not easily credit what we now read in the *Musical World*?

Madame Wippert is young, and blessed with a really splendid voice. In her first air—"Vanne, disse al figlio"—the freshness of her tone, her firm delivery of the notes, her extreme earnestness, and her unquestionable feeling, at once produced an impression so favorable that her success may be said to have been decided from that moment. This impression grew stronger and stronger as the opera went on. In the third act (nearly the whole of the second was omitted) her execution of the delicious romance, "nel lasciar la Normandia," created a positive "furor." And no wonder; the voice had a "ring" in it which spoke of youth and unabused resources; the expression was frank and unaffected; while a certain *cadenza*—beginning on a high note, and terminated by a descending scale, neatly and freshly "lanced" (launched?)—took the audience by surprise, and the result was a rapturous encore. The air was repeated, with the high note and the descending scale; the audience were again enchanted, and the singer again applauded. In the picturesque and splendidly dramatic duet with Bertram (M. Juncu), which immediately follows, Madame Harriers-Wippert shone not only as a singer, but as an actress into the bargain. The rush to the cross for refuge, when surprised at the apparition of the most incomprehensible of fiends, was forcible and natural at the same time, and the semblance of terror throughout extremely well put on. This duet (in which Juncu's acting as Bertram was very good) won another success for Madame Wippert; and yet another was the impressive trio "Lo sguardo immobile" (unaccompanied), when the sudden appearance of Robert, her foster brother, relieves Alice of all mere physical anxiety. Here the strong, fresh, and resonant high notes of the new *soprano* told with wonderful effect. The trio was altogether well done, Signor Gardoni being thoroughly at home in the music of Robert, which used to be one of his best parts, and Signor Juncu being more than ever careful and correct. From this point Alice has nothing to do until the last act, the culminating point of which is the magnificent trio where the designs of Bertram are foiled, Robert saved, and Alice, the zealous and loving instrument of his preservation, triumphant. That Madame Harriers-Wippert is an acquisition, and a valuable acquisition, to Mr. Mapleson's company is undoubted.

Next followed a benefit of Arditi, the conductor, when (in the words of the *Orchestra*) "an operatic

hot-pot was served up, the dishes consisting of cuts from *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Favorita*," etc., etc. Another new name is Mlle. Grossi, a contralto, with a voice (according to the *Times*) "almost without parallel since Alboni first enchanted London in 1847," and good promise as an artist. She presented herself as Nancy, with Mlle. Volpini as Martha,—she also with much praise.

But the event of the season, with which our latest files are ringing, was the appearance of Mlle. Tietjens for the first time in *Fidelio*. The *Times* says:

The new *Fidelio* seemed inspired, and fairly electrified her audience. On the whole we cannot remember a more striking exhibition. The success of Mlle. Tietjens was by far the most brilliant she has achieved in England, and one of the most genuine ever achieved on the operatic boards. At the end of the magnificent quartet, when the devoted Leonora, physically exhausted by her almost superhuman efforts, clings, as though for protection, to him whose guardian angel she has been, and gives utterance to the fulness of her love in rapturous accents—the finest piece of dramatic music in existence—the house rang with cheers as loud and prolonged as they were thoroughly spontaneous; and at the termination of the scene, as the curtain fell, Mlle. Tietjens was thrice summoned before the lamps, the applause each time being more vociferous, till, when she stepped forward the last time, unaccompanied, it was positively deafening. Never was a crowd in a theatre more excited.

Mlle. Liebhadt, as might be expected from a German and a practised musician to boot, is a really excellent Marcellina, alike valuable in the charming little air allotted to the Jailor's daughter (Act. 1), and in the concerted music, to which—no less than Signor Bettini, a careful Jacquinot—she is an important auxiliary. Juncu acts the character of the rough though kindly Jailor extremely well; Signor Gassier is, without any exception that we can call to mind, the very best representative of the arduous and not over-grateful part of Pizarro since the famous Staudigl; Dr. Gunz (from Hanover) has the genuine traditions of the state-prisoner, Florestan, Leonora's husband, and Pizarro's victim; and last, not least, Mr. Santley merits unqualified praise, both for his artistic feeling in accepting the small part of the Minister and for the admirable manner in which he sings the music. His orchestra is pretty nearly irreplaceable, from the overture to the end; and his chorus gives every promise of the same excellence.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.—The seventh Philharmonic Concert had for programme the Overtures to *Eury-anthe* and *Nozze di Figaro*; Beethoven's Heroic Symphony; Beethoven's Piano Concerto in G, played by Pauer; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, by Wieniawski; and singing by Trebelli. The eight and last Concert was the most brilliant of all, and offered a new Concerto by Joachim, and a new Symphony by Sterndale Bennett. The following account of it is from the *Telegraph*:

The violin concerto exhibits a welcome advance on all Herr Joachim's former compositions. It is much more free, spontaneous, and genial than the so-called "Hungarian" concerto, and indeed than anything which has yet fallen from the pen. The slow movement, for instance, the impressive moving theme of which is for the lowest notes of the instrument, is, from beginning to end, a clear unbroken stream of melody; the subjects again of the opening movement are charmingly fresh, while the final allegro is full of fire and spirit. The conduct of each movement is masterly in the extreme, and the orchestration, never obtrusive, well serves its appointed purpose of imparting additional meaning and intensity to the thoughts which inspired the composer's brain. Of the manner in which Herr Joachim interpreted his own composition it would seem superfluous to speak, but the splendid richness and fulness of the tone which he produced from the "fourth string," in the andante, and the wonderful ease with which he triumphed over all the difficulties of the concluding movement, are specially worthy of remark. Herr Joachim was covered with the heartiest applause at the conclusion of each movement, and the concerto, which, for the want of any title, we must specify by the key in which it opens, as that in G major, will always be welcome when it can be adequately rendered. The second novelty was no less successful than the first. Professor Sterndale Bennett's "symphony," or "orchestral piece," as it has been indifferently styled, consists of three movements only. The opening allegro is a long and elaborately developed

composition; the various subjects, all uniformly graceful in themselves, being worked up with extraordinary skill, and the movement is invested with more grandeur than we can call to mind in any of Dr. Bennett's former works. The minuet, if we are not mistaken, has already been heard in the Cambridge Installation Ode, but its delicate and piquant playfulness, set off as it is by exquisite instrumentation, and admirably contrasted with the highly original trio entirely for brass instruments, must instantly commend itself to every listener. The *rondo allegro* that concludes the symphony, if perhaps less original than the preceding movements, exhibits as thorough a mastery over all the resources of the musician's art. We trust that the symphony will be soon repeated; and if Dr. Bennett thinks fit to add to it a slow movement, amateurs will be all the more gratified. In any case, they must hail with delight the reawakening of the bright inventive genius which for so many years was suffered to lie dormant. A. M. Hartvigson, a Danish pianist, made his *début*, and played Mendelssohn's serenade and rondo, "*Gioioso*," with considerable delicacy. Miss Louisa Pyne sang with her never-failing taste and skill, "*Lascia ch'io piango*" from "*Rinaldo*," and the principal air from "*The Crown Diamonds*." Dr. Gunz introduced a noble air, "*Misero! O sogno*," written by Mozart for the celebrated tenor Adamberger, in 1783, and very little known. The concert was opened by Beethoven's symphony in c, the first of the mighty series; while the Jubilee Overture brought the fifty-second season of the old-established society to a glorious conclusion.

The "New Philharmonic" has also closed its 13th season. The instrumental pieces of the 5th and last concert were Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Weber's *Concert-Stück*, played by Mme. Arabella Goddard; Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, played by Lauterbach; Overtures to *Athalie*, and *Siege of Corinth*.

The "Musical Society of London," Alfred Mellon conductor, opened its fourth and last concert with an original Symphony, in A minor, by a young Englishman, John Francis Barnett, of which the *Orchestra* speaks in the highest terms (as well as of a Quintet and parts of an Oratorio by the same composer). Beethoven's *Eroica* opened the second part. Joachim played Spohr's Dramatic Concerto; Mme. Dustmann sang the great scena from *Fidelio*; and there were two overtures: Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille, &c.*, and Mozart's to *Zauberflöte*.—This Society, at a previous concert, had brought out a new Symphony by Mr. Silas, which was warmly commended.

Of Oratorio performances during the past month we notice only one of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* by the National Choral Society. But there have been some great juvenile choral exhibitions; for instance:

The annual gathering of 4,000 Charity Children from the different metropolitan schools, took place on the 9th ult., under the dome of St. Paul's. The appearance of the children, with their banners symmetrically arranged, is one of the prettiest sights of the season; and on this occasion the area was completely filled with a fashionable audience. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Goss, the organist of the cathedral, assisted by Mr. George Cooper (of St. Sepulchre's and Christ Church), were more than usually satisfactory. The extraordinary effect created by the sounds, albeit somewhat untutored issuing from 4,000 little throats, in such well-known compositions as the "Old Hundredth" and the "Hallelujah," is one which has already struck with wonder many distinguished visitors whom curiosity has led to this annual festival; and we are now glad to find, for the sake of musical progress, that some innovation is likely to be made upon the time-honored selection usually performed. Mendelssohn's sublime *Chorale*, "*Sleepers wake*," is now substituted for the 113th Psalm, "*Ye saints and servants of the Lord*;" and we see no reason why music especially written for this occasion should not replace some, which good as it is of its kind, may be said, without irreverence to any of the old church writers, to have had its day. We have men now living who can write—the respected organist of the cathedral himself, for example—and how could their talent be better employed than in showing that Dr. William Boyce and Dr. Crotch have no right to hold an exclusive and perpetual patent in "*Te Deums*" and "*Jubilates*?" *Novello's Times*.

The Annual Choral Festival of the Metropolitan schools came off on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, when, although the price of admission was raised to half-a-crown, nearly 20,000 were present. After deducting season tickets and the friends of the children who had free access, some 12,000 visitors may be supposed to have paid. The children numbered about 5,000, and, if all these had sung, the effect must have been extraordinary. In two or three instances only, "*Rule, Britannia*," and "*God save the Queen*," for examples, the volume of sound was singular. The programme was divided into two parts, one devoted to sacred, the other to secular music. The choirs sang better in the last, their powers being occasionally overtaken by the sacred pieces, especially Luther's "*Great God! what do I hear and see*," and the *chorale* from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* "*We praise thy name, O Lord!*" They were, however, encored in the Russian hymn, "*Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing*," and the chorus, "*Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord*." Encores were also awarded to Mr. Martin's part-song, "*Softly shines the pleasant morn*," and the "*Echo Chorus*," from Locke's music to *Macbeth*, both of which were very effectively rendered. The echoes in the *Macbeth* chorus were from the Shakespeare House, directly fronting the Handel orchestra.—*Mus. World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1864.

### Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

These six Sonatas have been so often played on our great Organ during the year past, and are so likely to recur repeatedly, that we shall, perhaps, do a service to the *habitués* of the Organ Concerts by reproducing here the brief characterizations of them by a distinguished German organist, A. G. Ritter, which we translated several years ago. Such reading comes more timely now, since the great Organ has prepared the reader. Any intelligent analysis, however brief and sketchy, of such compositions, aids the listener to identify and keep in mind the leading points, the themes, and follow out the entire development of each piece with more interest. Mendelssohn, as all his music shows to the initiated, and as almost every page of the last volume of his remarkable "*Letters*" shows to every one, was deeply smitten with the love of Bach, and penetrated with the spirit of that greatest master, not only of the Organ, but of all sacred music. In his Oratorios and Psalms, his "*St. Paul*" especially, he builds much after the model of Bach's *Passion music*. Even his peculiarly fantastic vein, his Fairy music, bears an obvious affinity to certain delicate and playful fancies in some of the lighter works of Bach, his *Suites*, *Partitas*, *Preludes*, etc., for the piano or *Clavier*.

It was of course an inward necessity, as well as a consequence of such culture, that Mendelssohn, with all his other musical gifts, should be an organist,—doubtless one of the most remarkable since Bach,—standing by no means at so serene, sublime, impersonal a height,—as far from him perhaps, as the best of modern architecture from those marvellous old Gothic cathedrals, that seem not made with hands, thrilling with life as you look at them, and conversing always of the Infinite,—with quite as much of the romantic as of the religious in his genius, and plenty of the self-conscious mood of the nineteenth century in all he does,—yet deriving most of his science and much of his inspiration from the old master. In communion with the Organ and with Bach, whether in playing him directly, or in improvisations after drinking at that fountain, the young

Felix seems to have spent many of his happiest hours. Read those fresh, delightful letters from Switzerland; how inevitably in his rambles he gets at the village organs, striking to them by as strong an instinct as the duck to the water. What a treat it must have been to hear him improvise! doubtless one of the very few who have had the real poetic gift of improvising since Bach and Handel. Think of that last time in his life, in his last visit to Switzerland, weary and sick now, as he was fresh and buoyant when he wrote the "*Letters*,"—that time, described by Mr. Chorley, when he stumbled upon a solitary village on the Lake of Brienz, finding the church door open, and the organ open, and "nobody to prevent him."

A peasant boy was presently found willing, for a few *batzen*, to blow the bellows as long as Mendelssohn liked; and he sat down, I have since learned, for the last time that he ever sat down to an organ, for the pleasure of his three auditors. It seems to me now as if he never could have played more nobly. After one or two movements by Sebastian Bach, he began an improvisation in C minor, which took the canonical form of a prelude and fugue; his fancy kindling as he went on, and his face lit up by that serene and elevated smile, the highest and most beautiful of its many expressions, which all who knew him must remember, while he drew forth those long and rich chains of sound which "bring all heaven before the eyes," as old Milton sang.

I feel, when I think of this organ playing, as if I had taken leave of the greatest music forever; since, in that exercise of his art, the amount of science he would bring was animated by a radiant fancy, often dispensed with on like occasions; the want of which is supposed to be disguised by the glory of the sound, and the skilful intertexture of the parts. More perfectly, every genial sympathy, every sense of calm practical approval, could not be gratified. There was the true, gracious, gifted man, old in experience, but young in the quickness of his sensibilities, to be heard; that day, it seems to me, more remarkably than ever. He was giving and receiving pleasure without parade; and from a store which had never been fuller of the highest thoughts and the richest fancies. Such things must come to an end; but they are never to be forgotten.

Mendelssohn's published Organ compositions were not numerous. Three Preludes and Fugues, op. 37, and these six Sonatas, op. 65, are all. The Sonatas are not after the type of the piano-forte Sonata, nor do they follow the set form of Bach's "*Trio Sonatas*," which carry through three parts for two manuals and pedals as distinctly as if a violin, viola and violoncello were conversing together. They resemble Bach in the frequent introduction of *Chorale* tunes, with fanciful (not in a bad sense) variation and accompaniment, in the tendency to fugue, and the polyphonic spirit generally,—at times more like Bach's "*Choral Vorspiele*," than like his Sonatas. They resemble the modern Piano Sonata in their variety of mood and movement, their impassioned and dramatic episodes, their fiery impatience, fragments of recitative, romantic character; only their form is far more free, more like improvisation by one a master of the contrapuntal art, who has absorbed into his own culture, and assimilated, all the genial music that has been produced from Bach's time down to him. And now for Herr Ritter's analyses.

"Sonata No. 1 (*Allegro moderato e serioso*, F minor, common time,) begins with full, strong chords, of a general and introductory character, which lead in the eleventh measure into a principal thought, which bears such an expressive stamp of character as to justify the epithet *speaking*. It is the sad complaint of a soul oppressed, sounding out in tones ever louder and more anxious, as the dreaded fate draws near.



Then, after a close in C minor, there resounds a choral-like sentence, borne on angel voices. It brings comfort from the heavenly heights. To be sure, it is interrupted, now for a shorter, now for a longer time, by the more and more warmly wrought leading theme; to be sure, there is a tone of complaint even in itself; but soon the song of consolation rings out at a victorious height, far above all earthly sorrow. In soft chords, and then borne on by the mighty stream of the full organ tone, it closes the first part. Still it is no jubilant song of triumph. The minor third reminds us of the painful conflict just endured. It is only in the following *Adagio* (A flat major, 3-8 time,) and in the *Recitative*, which forms the transition to the last movement, that the heart finds rest. Complaint is silent. In tones as glad as mortal breast can feel, exults the redeemed (*Allegro assai vivace*.) Flashing, fiery chords resound in animated motion, borne on the roaring flood of bass. And as the heart, filled with lofty joy, strives in vain in its first enthusiasm after definite expression, and only finds the right words when it is more calm; so the chords at first sweep vaguely to and fro, but gradually gain in connection and in grouping, till they finally compass the jubilant melody, which now sounds on and on, below, above, and leads at last into the full, luminous F major chord with the Third above. Here is the proper conclusion of the whole. The *arpeggi* which now follow, filling four measures and not entirely suited to the organ, are to be considered an appendix.

"The second Sonata opens with an introduction in C minor, (*Grave*, 4-4,) which leads, through a long organ-point upon the Dominant, into an *Adagio*, also in C minor. Here the thoughtful player has an opportunity to employ the different Manuals to advantage. The *Adagio*, with a characteristic and discriminating treatment of the several key-boards, (including the *Pedal*.) forms an orchestra-like movement. The melody, played by the right hand on the second Manual, is delivered by the wind instruments; the violins, accompanying in flowing, song-like passages, are represented on the first Manual by the left hand; finally, the basses—the *Pedal*—indicate the ground-tones *pizzicato*. \* \* \* \* To an *Allegro maestoso e vivace*, (3-4 time) which, with all its musical beauty, to our feeling borders somewhat on the secular, succeeds a dignified, simple, and yet artistically developed Fugue, which brings the piece back to the true ground.

"The third Sonata, next to the first our favorite, and bearing in its poetic tendency a certain resemblance to the first, raises itself, supported by an interwoven chorale as if by a verbal text, to a truly dramatic expression; but for this very reason it presents the greatest technical difficulties, since, of necessity, just where the idea of the creative artist is so clear and definite, admitting of no shade of modification, the interpreting artist must hit exactly the right point if he would seize the true intention. In bright chords, a full and swelling movement opens the Sonata, expressive of calm and joyful trust. A short solo passage of the same import is answered by the full choir in the still brighter and more flashing F sharp major, till the whole leads back through the Dominant into the prevailing key, and closes the brief movement. This is immediately followed by a movement in A minor, marked *Un poco meno forte*. This truly Mendelssohnian theme:



maintains, by the twice recurring *superfluous Fourth*, just the right hostile, soul-disturbing expression, to be set against the Chorale afterwards delivered by the *Pedal*: *Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir*. ("In deep distress I cry to Thee"). Whether the leading character of the theme above noticed, being more suited for stringed instruments, can also find its fitting representation on our present organs, is a question which

the player has to solve in view of the mechanical structure of said organs. With the direction: *Da questa parte fino a Maggiore poco a poco più animato e più forte*, there enters an accompaniment to the Chorale in sixteenths instead of in quavers, as before. Finally, to the ever-increasing movement the *Pedal* too is added, after it has held out for a long time the concluding tone of the *Canto fermo* in an organ-point. While the Manuals repeat the main progression of the theme in full chords and in the highest registers, it burrows down in wild and thundering passages into the depths, to rise again from the ground-tone of E, through the tones, F, G sharp, B, d, f, g sharp, b, to the high d. Gentler and gentler it sinks gradually down from there and leads back again to the first movement, in A major, which, except some few but very effective and significant changes, (for example, in the fifth and sixth measures,) is repeated almost literally. The *Andante tranquillo* which now follows, also and with propriety in A major, closes the whole like a silent, deep-felt prayer of gratitude."

This third Sonata is the one which was played by Mr. Lang at the inauguration of the Great Organ, and several times since. Only, for the sake of more contrast as the piece goes on, and a somewhat more Sonata-like character, Mr. Lang has commonly played the *Andante tranquillo* between the opening movement and the impassioned one beginning with the theme above quoted.—We reserve the last three Sonatas to our next number.

**ORGAN CONCERTS.**—The Great Organ makes the only music of these hot and dry midsummer days. And what do we want better? What can be more grateful and refreshing, more tranquilizing to the weary spirit, than to retreat to the cool shade of the Music Hall, at mid-day, on a Wednesday or a Saturday, leaving the city's turmoil behind you, and letting the grand aspect and the grander music of the great instrument fill you with heavenly peace, conjuring away for at least one hour the ever-haunting, heavy consciousness of war? These delightful "noonings," cheered not by the slender reed of Tityrus or Melibæus, but by the melodies of swains far more inspired, like Bach and Handel, Mendelssohn and Beethoven,—are they not a city privilege which one might almost leave seashore and mountains to enjoy?

For the last month there have been two Concerts every week, and this will be the rule throughout the summer. Mr. THAYER has officiated the most frequently, with very varied programmes. Last Wednesday he played Bach's great G minor Fugue again. On another occasion, one of Bach's Choral *Vorspiele*: "Christ unser Herr," and a Pastoral and Fugue in G (one of the three Preludes and Fugues) by Mendelssohn. Also the *Andante* of the Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven), which did not seem the right thing for the Organ, the flowing accompaniment not getting just the right accent and shading—Mr. WILLCOX played July 9. Overture to *Samson*, with fine contrast of stops; *Andante* by Hummel; Wely's brilliant *Offertoire* in G again,—which seemed to take such possession of him this time, that you traced it through the first part of his pleasant improvisation afterwards; Kullak's *Pastoral*,—a pretty play of high flute and reed stops; and *Hallelujah* from Handel's *Saul*.

An excellent Concert was that of Mrs. FRODOCK (Wednesday, 13th). She opened with Bach's *Pasacaglia*, which no one but Mr. Paine had before attempted, and she brought its sustained breadth and grandeur steadily and firmly. Also the entire first Sonata of Mendelssohn (see preceding article), which never impressed us as so grand before. Mrs. F. also "improvised" in free style quite as successfully as

any of our organists. Other pieces, to show the stops and humor the audience, were an *Offertoire* in D by Batiste, and the march from *Tannhäuser* in stirring trumpet tones.

Mr. LANG took his turn last Saturday, playing once more that deep, full, inexhaustible Fantasia by Bach in G; transcriptions of the *Egmont* overture, the *Nocturne* from "Midsummer Night's Dream," the *Gloria* from Mozart's third Mass (with a rather striking extempore prelude), and Beethoven's *Hallelujah* chorus. The last sounded better than we have before heard it on the organ; and yet that trumpet-like theme does not come out with clearness. Mr. L. also improvised acceptably; and altogether his concert seemed to give great pleasure.

We go to press too early to notice now the concert of Mr. G. W. MORGAN, of New York, on Thursday evening. Mr. Morgan also will preside at to-day's "nooning."

Next Saturday, July 30th, there will be a rare opportunity of hearing Mr. PAINE. His selection will be of the choicest. Four pieces by Bach (new ones all), viz: two more of the Choral *Vorspiele* (one in six-part harmony), Trio Sonata in C minor, and Prelude in E flat; also another composition by Thiele, a new *Offertoire* by the organist himself, &c.

**COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD.**—Two of the young men on Wednesday had musical subjects for their "parts." Mr. Marshall Munroe Cutter, of Cambridge, delivered an essay on "Musical Form;" and Mr. Francis Gorman, of Worcester, a Disquisition on "Felix Mendelssohn."

We understand that our townsman, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, is preparing Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" for public performance, with orchestra and chorus, in the autumn.

The Rev. Edward Hale's church at the south end, is to have a new organ, built by the Messrs. Hook, at a cost of about \$12,000, and Mr. B. J. Lang is to be the organist. This will probably surpass any church organ in the city. The Organ of the Music Hall is creating a demand for really noble organs all around us.

**THE OPERA SEASON** this fall, says the *Transcript*, promises to be one of uncommon brilliancy. Many of the singers will be new to our audiences, and two young ladies are now studying music in New York with a view of making their debut upon the operatic stage this season. Maretzek has engaged a fresh orchestra. He will play at the New York Academy from early in September to late in December, and then will come to Boston for five or six weeks, the Germans returning to New York in the meantime. The *Evening Post* has the following statement in regard to the arrangements for the coming campaigns:

"The German opera troupe will, it is said, open at the Academy of Music in September, Mr. Grover, of the Washington Theatre, being interested in the enterprise, while it is possible that a second German company, under Carl Anschütz, will play at the new Stadt Theatre in the Bowery.

"Early in October, the Academy Germans, like migrating birds, will fly southward to sing in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and Max Maretzek will occupy the field in Irving place. The tenor of the company will be Signor Maximilian—not the Mexican Emperor of that name, but an Italian artist who calls himself Maximilian, at least while on the stage."

**JENNY LIND'S DEBUT.**—The Queen received her with marked attention. The Dowager Queen invited her to visit her Majesty in private. Invitations, which she was as unwilling as unable to accept, were showered on her by the English nobility. The late Duke of Wellington was most sedulous in his demonstrations of respect and admiration, and on one occasion invited her to his country seat, promising that "music should form no topic of the conversation." But amid all the honors they lavished on her, the shy *prima donna* invariably preferred the intimacy of her choice private circle, and was glad to flee the flattering incense sought to be bestowed upon her, by escaping to the country house of the kind friend who had first welcomed her in London. There she would heartily enjoy a ride, or rural ramble; and anon, seated among wild ferns and shaded by ancient beech-trees, she would study her new parts, the score

laid open upon her lap. Every anecdote which transpired abroad, every detail which could be caught up, eagerly seized upon as it was by the "outside" public, contributed to throw a romantic halo about the name of the favorite prima donna.—*Reminiscences of the Opera.* By Benjamin Lumley.

**A MUSICAL DEBUT.**—Under the title of "Musical and Personal Recollections," Mr. HENRY PHILLIPS has published an interesting volume in England, from which we take his account of his first appearance.

"After much discussion it was agreed that I should appear, as the bills say, positively for one night only, and sing the 'Bay of Biscay' in character. Posters appeared, the small bills were enclosed to the visitors at the hotels, and my name was consequently in wide circulation. I felt an importance suddenly growing upon me. I was no longer a lad, but becoming a very great man. The evening had arrived when an unexpected difficulty presented itself—what was to be done for a sailor's jacket? The wardrobe boasted of but one, and that would have enveloped my whole person. There was no time to be lost, however, as the play was nearly over. A thought struck the ingenious tailor of the establishment; he would sew the little tail of my jacket up behind, which certainly would create a hump, but I must be careful, he said, not to turn round and show the hump to the audience. All was submitted to, and I was sewed up. The play over, there I stood in a state of nervous excitement, painted and plumed for the task. The scene was set—an open sea, painted on the back of some other scene, where the wood-work was more prominent than the water, and unmistakable evidences of a street door appeared in the middle of the ocean. All was ready; tinkle went the bell; up went the curtain, and the glorious orchestra, which consisted of two fiddles and a German flute, struck up the symphony. As I strutted on in the midst of a flash of lightning—which electric effect was produced by a candle and a large pepper box filled with the dangerous elements, while somebody shook something behind the scenes with the intention of inducing weak-minded people to believe it was thunder—my reception was very flattering, a storm of applause before the curtain seemed to strike awe into the storm behind, and I began my theme—'Loud roared the dreadful thunder;' pointing my finger toward the left hand side of the stage, as if the storm came from that direction—which unfortunately it did not—it was a little oversight. At the termination I was again loudly applauded, the whole company shook hands with me, all the ladies kissed me; and, in fact, I was the great lion of the evening. Thus I made my first effort in public, and laid the foundation-stone of my future fame."

**THE ORPHEONISTS.** Under this head the *Pioneer* (New York) has the following:

Some years ago, a system of singing schools was established in Paris, designed to extend to the poorer classes of the community the advantages of gratuitous instruction in music. The scheme succeeded, and a large choral society was the result. Workmen and their children found in the new enterprise a more instructive and agreeable disposition of their leisure evenings than was afforded by the *estaminet* or the cheap theatre; and last year, the Orpheonists were more prominently brought into public notice by an excursion they made from Paris to the London Crystal Palace, where they gave a highly successful concert.

The Orpheonist system has been imported to this country, and tried here by Mr. Charles Jerome Hopkins, an accomplished organist, an ambitious composer, and a musician of untiring industry and energy. A couple of years ago, Mr. Hopkins was appointed organist of St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn, Long Island, and proceeded at once to form a choir from the Sunday-school and congregation, to act as a supporting chorus to the regular quartet of singers who had hitherto occupied the organ loft. The effort was successful, and "St. Ann's Choral Society," as the choir thus increased was called, gave several very acceptable "public rehearsals,"—in fact, concerts—at the church.

Encouraged by this, Mr. Hopkins decided to open free schools for such boys as wished to learn to sing church music; and for nearly two years he has kept up this institution with varying success. In an amusing circular he issued a few weeks ago, on the occasion of his closing concert for the season, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he stated that he had carried on these schools at a heavy personal loss, being obliged to pay out of his own pocket all the expenses, while the public carefully abstained from attending the few concerts he gave to enable him to

carry through the undertaking. Besides this, he had great difficulty to find a room in which to hold his classes, for the trustees and sextons of churches were so much afraid that the boys would damage their property, that they refused to allow the use of their Sunday-school or lecture rooms, "and for five weeks," says Mr. Hopkins, "we literally had to hold our meetings in the open air without a roof to cover us!" It may, however, be fairly presumed that at these out-door gatherings very little singing was done, and very little musical instruction given.

Mr. Hopkins recently closed his season with a concert given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at which a number of the boys sang a variety of choral selections, while artists, vocal and instrumental, engaged for the occasion, performed the solos. Next September, the classes will be resumed, and all boys of musical taste, disposed to conduct themselves properly, will have the opportunity of obtaining gratuitous instruction in vocal music. Mr. Hopkins works energetically to carry out his "Orpheon" scheme; but whether he is the man to make it a permanent success, or whether some imitator, with more tact and skill at managing children, will adopt his idea and carry it out in successful competition with the original experimenter, remains to be seen.

### A Parisian Critic.

Lately died and was buried in Paris, a great critic of music and the drama, P. A. FIORENTINO, who was fifty-seven years old when he died. He it was who raised the French *Feuilleton* to its present position; and foreigner though he was, he possessed an influence, acquired through a perfect mastery of the language, which pointed him out as first critic of France. His mind was an admixture of Italian liveliness, French wit, cosmopolitan intellect, and a shrewdness which did not place him above the charge of mercenariness, nor exempt him from that of speculation. He had an unusual facility of expressing himself, and wielded satire occasionally to cruel purpose. Speculation was his great rock, and on this his honor has often split; yet Fiorentino pursued his calling with an effrontery which savored of cynicism.—struck out for himself a theory, which he regarded as the justest in the world. "My *feuilletons*," said he, "create for a number of singers, comedians, virtuosi and dancers, salaries of twenty, thirty, or a hundred thousand francs a year; and I, who make their fame and fortune, shall content myself with five hundred or a thousand francs a month," which by the way he did not; for he left a fortune behind him amounting to 600,000 francs.

As often as this corruptibility of his was discovered—and this often happened when cases more than usually glaring were brought to light—he retired from the *Constitutionnel*, in which his name appeared at the foot of articles, and remained on the staff of the *Moniteur*, in which he wrote under an assumed name, retaining, however, his influence over the artists. And this he ever preserved to such an extent, that, dead and powerless, he was still regarded as had he been a man of honor, of untainted probity, of spotless reproach. When the poor spirit had fled, and he lay there, who nevermore should build up artistic fortunes of a hundred thousand francs nor enjoy his own six hundred thousand, they stood around the grave, they who had known him alive, as they knew their own venal selves, and gravely told his virtues. And Theophile Gautier, honorable and excellent among French *feuilletonists*, stood up amongst them, and spoke of his art, the critical art, in serious and truthful fashion, thus:

"Ah, it is difficult, this task, which one holds for so simple! The strongest succumb to it. One needs to have the body of an athlete, a ready, indefatigable, ever watchful spirit. To be witty on a certain day, without bearing thought on the sadnesses, the weaknesses, the sorrows of life; to be witty in the cause of everything and of nothing, despite the absence or the emptiness of subject; to be always wary of one's self lest one offends another; what difficulty! To improvise on some theme accidentally dropped from a theatre, to possess erudition in readiness for any subject, to dress the silly piece in a charming report without destroying its character; thorough knowledge of the repertory and the personages of art; to touch with courtesy the player's vanity, which is yet more sensitive than that of the poet; to remember nothing of one's own life, one's own time, one's own trouble; to run from the furthest end of the town on the first call of an idea; ever to meddle with the fame of others, and never with one's own; to be the trumpet, when one might be the lyre; to combine the activities of the man of business with the work of the student; to strew countless leaves to the wind, which might amount to the honor of a book; this is the frivolous work, which, no one of the public doubts it, is done in play."—*Orchestra.*

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**TRINITY COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.**—Containing all the Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, &c., used in Trinity Church, New York, or in either of its three Chapels. By Edward Hodges, Mus. Doc. of Sidney College, Cambridge, England. With valuable additions by the Editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc., Organist and Director of Music in St. Paul's Church, Boston. Cloth, \$3.00; Bds. \$2.50

It is singular, that two of our musical veterans, both English born, and both distinguished organists, should have given publicity to their collections of manuscripts about the same time, and each book containing the results of about twenty years of service. They are two noble collections, and worthy of being in the library of every choir in the country. The present one has the advantage of being edited and extended by Dr. Tuckerman.

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